

THE WANDERER

BY LECHUGA JAM®

#4

JANUARY 2025

TABLE OF CONTENTS ▽

☒. INTRODUCTION

☒☒. LISTEN

- A. A NIGHT AT THE FIREHOUSE
- B. TIBERIUS REVIEW 11/10/24
- C. NEW MUSIC ▽

☒☒☒. LOOK

- A. KID THE WEB- MINIWEBS 1
- B. A GUIDE TO WRITING LOVE POEMS
- C. THINGY
- D. QUICK CHANGE
- E. A DAY WITH HALIFAX
- F. BOSTON
- G. A BITE OUTTA THE BOY
- H. DRUNK BLACKOUT POEM
- I. SCENES FROM THE SCENE
- J. RIGHT TO SPACE
- K. ANOTHER DAY
- L. ERAN'S PHOTOS
- M. STILL.

☒▽. LEARN

- A. SHOWING YOURSELF KINDNESS
- B. GRANDMA'S COLLEGE RECIPE FOR BEEF STROGANOFF
- C. BAD PICKUP LINES W/ MO AND DIO

▽. LIVE

- A. LOTS OF SHOW POSTERS
- B. KNOW YOUR RIGHTS WORKSHOP

▽☒. CLOSING REMARKS

HELLO!

WELCOME TO THE WANDERER. THANKS FOR HUMORING ME AS I TRY THIS VERY NEW THING THAT I'VE NEVER REALLY TRIED BEFORE. WE'LL SEE IF I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, BUT IF YOU'RE READING THIS THEN I GUESS I DID SOMETHING RIGHT IN THE END.

YOU MAY WONDER WHY I CALLED THIS ZINE "THE WANDERER." I COULD GIVE SOME ESOTERIC ANSWER ABOUT "NOT ALL WHO WANDER ARE LOST" OR SOMETHING BUT THE TRUTH IS, I NAMED THIS ZINE AFTER ONE OF MY FAVORITE U2 SONGS. IT POPS UP AT THE END OF THE ZOOROPA ALBUM AND ALSO JOHNNY CASH IS ON IT. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID I WOULD STARE OUT THE WINDOW OF MY MOM'S CAR WHILE THIS SONG WAS PLAYING AND JUST KINDA SPACE OUT FOR A LITTLE WHILE. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS THAT WAS SO VIVID, YET SO PEACEFUL AT THE SAME TIME. MAYBE THERE IS SOME ESOTERICNESS IN MY ANSWER AFTER ALL.

EVEN THEN, THOUGH, WANDERING IS SOMETHING I JUST HAPPEN TO TREASURE ANYWAY. TO WANDER IS TO EXPLORE. IT'S TO STRAY OFF THE PATH FOR A LITTLE WHILE. IT'S TO MAKE YOUR OWN PATH, ONE THAT MAKES THE THINGS AROUND YOU MAKE A LITTLE MORE SENSE. IT'S TO USE YOUR SENSES IN THE WAY THAT YOU, ONLY YOU, WERE MEANT TO USE THEM.

SO THAT'S THE STORY BEHIND THE NAME. I THINK IT FITS. I HOPE YOU THINK SO, TOO. I'M DONE YAMMERING. I LOVE YOU! ONTO THE ZINE!

BESTEN



A NIGHT AT THE FIREHOUSE

A REFLECTION OF THE NURSE JOY, KO QUEEN, FILM AND GENDER, AND SPACECAMP SHOW ON JAN 10

THE STORY BEGINS ON JANUARY 10TH, 2025, AROUND 6:45 PM. I'VE JUST TAKEN A PISS IN A HOTEL BATHROOM AND MAKE MY WAY TO THE HARDWARE STORE TO MEET MY FRIEND JUDITH, WHO GETS OFF AT 7. THE PLAN IS TO PILE INTO OUR OTHER FRIEND JADE'S CAR, DRIVE OUT TO WORCESTER, AND HAVE THE TIME OF OUR LIVES.



BUT FOR NOW, IT'S ME AND JUDITH AND J' AND JUDITH'S COWORKER WHO I FORGOT THE NAME OF (I'M SORRY) AND WE'RE DICKING AROUND IN THIS NEAR-EMPTY HARDWARE STORE. AND THEN, I SEE THE PILE OF SOFT TOY FROGS. THE SIGN SAYS "RAINFOREST CREATURES, \$5 TO ADOPT." TRUE VALUE JUST SELLS WHATEVER THESE DAYS, HUH?

OF COURSE, I ADOPT ONE RIGHT AWAY. I GO TO JUDITH'S COWORKER AT THE REGISTER (HIS NAME MIGHT BE COLIN, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT) AND I SAY, "I WANT THIS MOTHER FUCKER."



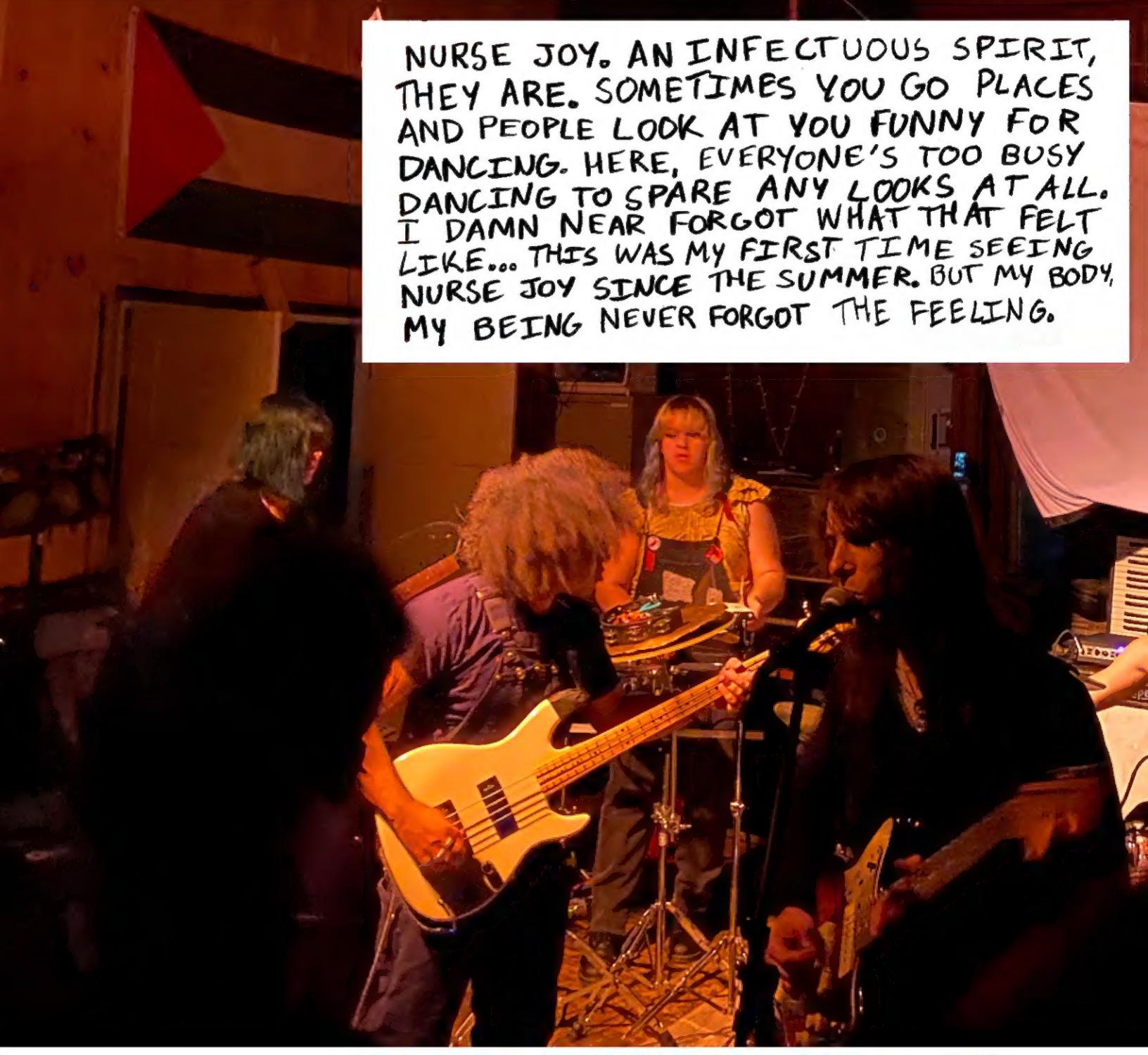
10 MINUTES LATER, I'M IN THE FRONT SEAT OF JADE'S CAR WITH MY NEW FROGGY FRIEND: WHITE WITH BLACK PATCHES ON TOP, GOLDEN YELLOW BOTTOM. FILLED WITH THAT BEAN BAGGY STUFF SO HE'S WEIGHTY IN MY PALM. MY LITTLE BUDDY, MY PRECIOUS BOY, SITTING IN MY PALM AS WE FLY WEST OF BOSTON.

I HELD LITTLE BUDDY ALL NIGHT LONG AS I MOSHED.

45 MINUTES AND JADE'S GOOFY PARKING LATER, WE'RE THERE. THE FIRE HOUSE. THE ROOM IS STUFFED FULL OF QUEER PUNKY KIDS, EAGER AND READY. MY FROGGY FRIEND IN HAND, I TRY TO PUSH THROUGH.

I MAKE IT ABOUT TWO FEET INTO THE CROWD WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT, AND THAT ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR BASS LINE FILLS THE ROOM. IT'S NURSE JOY, STARTING THEIR SET, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN TAKEN OFF MY JACKET, BUT WE ARE HERE AND NOTHING REALLY MATTERS IN THAT MOMENT EXCEPT FOR THIS MUSIC WE'VE TRAVELED SO FAR TO SEE.

NURSE JOY. AN INFECTUOUS SPIRIT, THEY ARE. SOMETIMES YOU GO PLACES AND PEOPLE LOOK AT YOU FUNNY FOR DANCING. HERE, EVERYONE'S TOO BUSY DANCING TO SPARE ANY LOOKS AT ALL. I DAMN NEAR FORGOT WHAT THAT FELT LIKE... THIS WAS MY FIRST TIME SEEING NURSE JOY SINCE THE SUMMER. BUT MY BODY, MY BEING NEVER FORGOT THE FEELING.

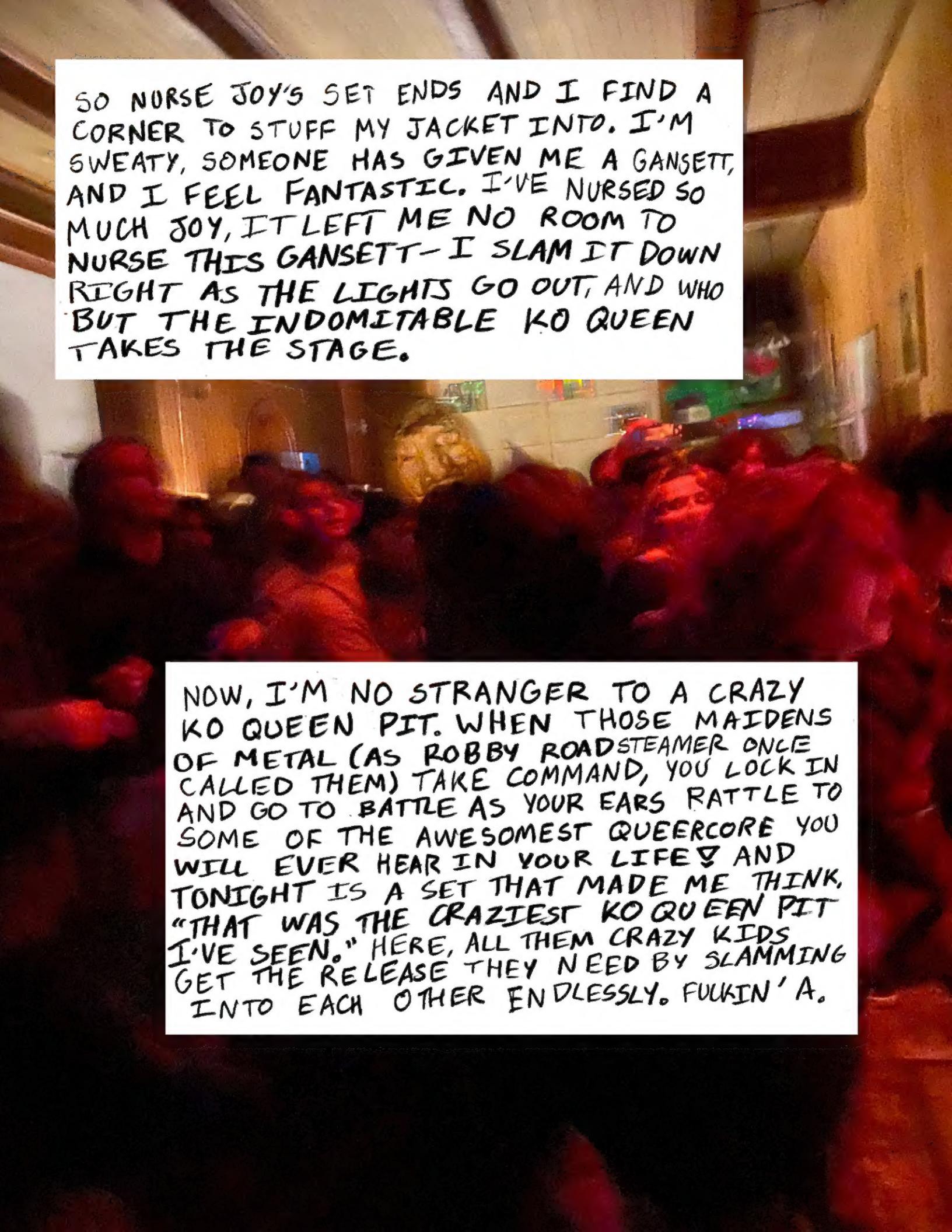


TO BE AT A NURSE JOY SHOW IS TO EXPERIENCE SOME OF THE MOST VIVID, MAGICAL, AND INCREDIBLE MUSIC THAT THE CITY HAS TO OFFER. TO JUMP INTO THE PIT, TO HEAR DOZENS OF VOICES SINGING "IF IT SPARKS JOY, THEN NURSE IT!" IS TO FEEL SUCH RADICAL JOY, IT ALMOST FEELS UNREAL. BUT IT'S SO REAL. AND YOU GET TO EXPERIENCE IT. NOW I COULD BE SPEAKING FROM MY ASS, BUT AT SOME POINT IT OCCURED TO ME THAT THIS PARTICULAR SHOW WAS THE MOST LOCKED-IN I'VE EVER HEARD NURSE JOY, WHICH AINT TO SAY THEY DON'T LOCK IN ANY OTHER TIME - SOMETHING ABOUT TONIGHT JUST FELT DIFFERENT, LIKE THE MUSIC JUST CLICKED SOMEHOW. THERE WAS ONE SONG THAT THEY WENT INTO THIS GROOVE THAT I CAN BARELY REMEMBER, ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'D DIE FOR IT AGAIN AND AGAIN. I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE EXCITED FOR AN ALBUM TO DROP.



YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO DEAL WITH
MY SHITTY PHONE PICS. I'M NO PHOTOGRAPHER.

SO NURSE JOY'S SET ENDS AND I FIND A CORNER TO STUFF MY JACKET INTO. I'M SWEATY, SOMEONE HAS GIVEN ME A GANSETT, AND I FEEL FANTASTIC. I'VE NURSED SO MUCH JOY, IT LEFT ME NO ROOM TO NURSE THIS GANSETT—I SLAM IT DOWN RIGHT AS THE LIGHTS GO OUT, AND WHO BUT THE INDOMITABLE KO QUEEN TAKES THE STAGE.



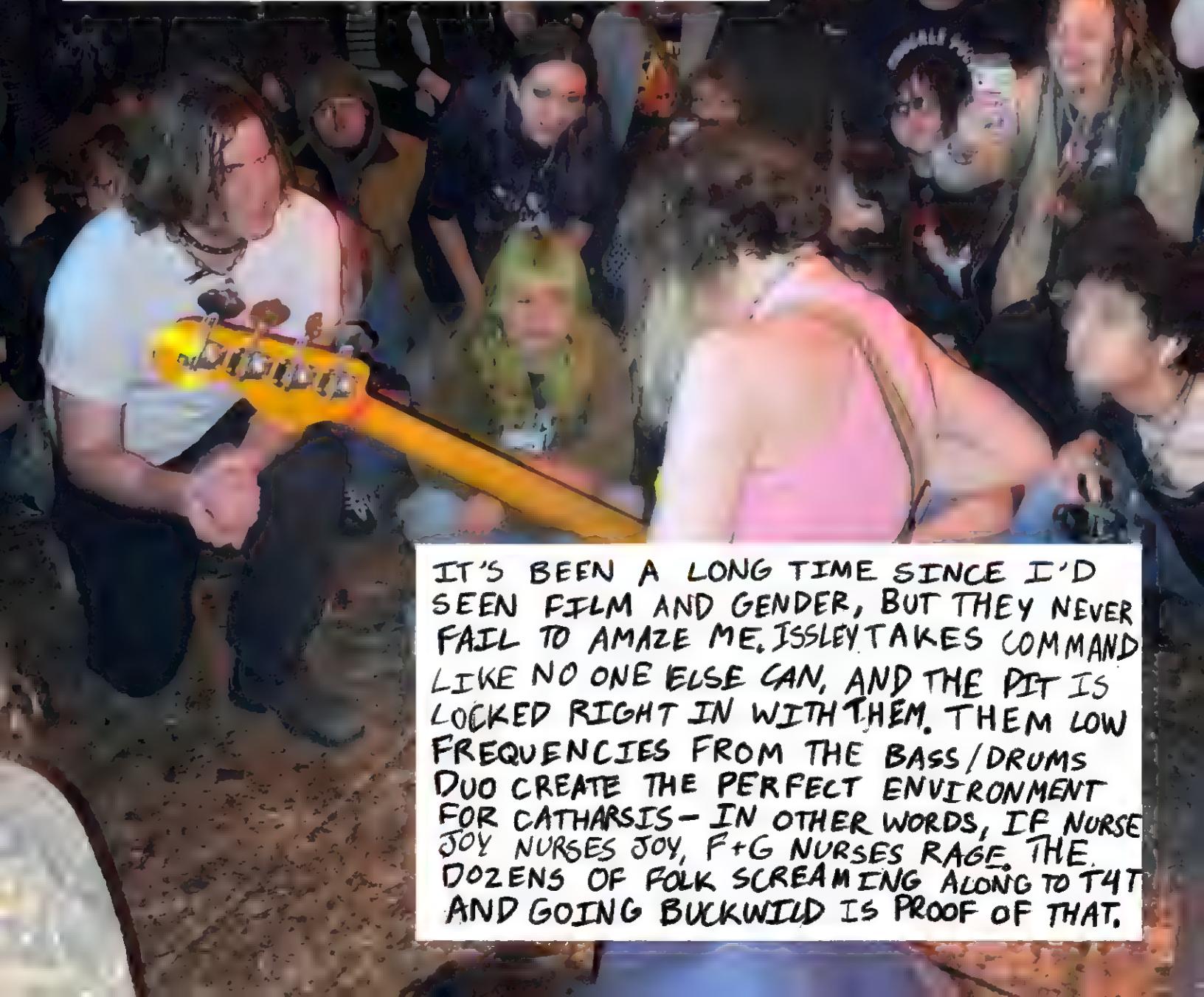
NOW, I'M NO STRANGER TO A CRAZY KO QUEEN PIT. WHEN THOSE MAIDENS OF METAL (AS ROBBY ROADSTEAMER ONCE CALLED THEM) TAKE COMMAND, YOU LOCK IN AND GO TO BATTLE AS YOUR EARS RATTLE TO SOME OF THE AWESOMEST QUEERCORE YOU WILL EVER HEAR IN YOUR LIFE! AND TONIGHT IS A SET THAT MADE ME THINK, "THAT WAS THE CRAZIEST KO QUEEN PIT I'VE SEEN." HERE, ALL THEM CRAZY KIDS GET THE RELEASE THEY NEED BY SLAMMING INTO EACH OTHER ENDLESSLY. FULKIN' A.



BUT DESPITE THE VIOLENCE, THE PIT WAS A FRIENDLY ONE. I'VE ALWAYS LIKED THIS ABOUT KO QUEEN. I CAN GIVE SOMEONE A HUG DURING LUV BUG & I CAN SHOW FOLKS HOW TO DO THE SHARK PIT FOR SHRECK ATTACK & AND IF I GO A LITTLE TOO WILD FOR MY SUPER FAVORITE SONG, BUTCH BABY, A MILLION HANDS REACH DOWN AND GET ME ON MY FEET BEFORE I EVEN HIT THE GROUND. IT'S ALL LOVE, AT THE END OF THE DAY. I SHOWED MAREN MY FROG BUDDY (AS I WAS DOING TO ANYONE WHO'D TALK TO ME) AND SHE KISSED THE FROG'S FOREHEAD. THAT WAS AWESOME. AND THEN BEE SAID "YOU'RE DOING IT ALL WRONG!" AND AS WE ALL PANICED AND WONDERED HOW WE HAD FORSAKEN THE QUEENS, RONG JOINED THE BATTLE AND PLAYED A SONG & CRAZY, RIGHT? THE SET ENDS WITH ALL OF US PILING ON EACH OTHER, SOME ON THE FLOOR, AND EVELYN SAYS "STOP BOWING!" BUT I COULD NOT GET UP IF I TRIED. FUCKIN'A.



WHOO-EE! THIS REVIEW IS FULL OF RAMBLING, HUH? I'LL TRY TO GET A MOVE ON. AFTER KOQUEEN IS FILM AND GENDER. WOW. YOU'D THINK A ROOM COULDN'T BE MORE FILLED WITH QUEER RAGE. THIS WAS MY BREATHER SET - I REFRAINED FROM MOSHING SO MUCH AND I GOT TO REALLY SIT BACK AND JUST WATCH.



IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'D SEEN FILM AND GENDER, BUT THEY NEVER FAIL TO AMAZE ME. ISSLEY TAKES COMMAND LIKE NO ONE ELSE CAN, AND THE PIT IS LOCKED RIGHT IN WITH THEM. THEM LOW FREQUENCIES FROM THE BASS/DRUMS DUO CREATE THE PERFECT ENVIRONMENT FOR CATHARSIS - IN OTHER WORDS, IF NURSE JOY NURSES JOY, F+G NURSES RAGE. THE DOZENS OF FOLK SCREAMING ALONG TO T4T AND GOING BUCKWILD IS PROOF OF THAT.

SO WITH THAT SAID, FILM AND GENDER IS A BAND THAT REMINDS ME WHY THESE QUEER PUNKY SPACES ARE SO DAMN IMPORTANT IN THE FIRST PLACE. WE ARE FOLK WITH LOTS TO BE ANGRY ABOUT, ESPECIALLY WITH HOW THINGS ARE FOR QUEER FOLK IN AMERICA... SO BEING IN A SPACE THAT LETS YOU FEEL THAT RAGE AND RELEASE IT IS DAMN IMPORTANT. AND WITH SPACE CAMP CLOSING TONIGHT'S SET, IT JUST. GETS. CRAZIER.



THIS WAS MY FIRST SPACE CAMP SHOW AND I REALLY DID NOT THINK SHIT WOULD GET EVEN MORE INSANE AFTER F+G. BUT I WATCHED THEM TWO DRUM KITS FACE EACH OTHER, AND I GOT THE EVER-SO-SLIGHT FEELING THAT I MIGHT NOT MAKE IT OUT ALIVE (SPOILER: I DID). I'VE EATEN SAM WHO TOLD ME ABOUT TURTLES, THE DRUMS FIRED UP, AND HERE WE GO.



AT THIS POINT IN THE NIGHT, I'M SO DRUNK ON MOSHING THAT I CAN BARELY HONE IN ON THE MUSIC, BUT WHAT I DO REMEMBER IS THOSE FAST, THUNDERING DRUMS, AND THE ABSOLUTE BLOODBATH OF A PIT THAT FED ON THE CHAOS. MY FUCKING GOD. EVERYONE WAS SLAMMING INTO EACH OTHER LIKE WE WERE GONNA DIE THAT NIGHT. SOME FOLKS WERE CROWD SURFING. MOST WERE FALLING ALL OVER THE PLACE. VIOLENCE, INSANITY, AND LOVE. THAT'S WHAT THAT PIT WAS. ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL SEE SPACECAMP AGAIN AND PAY CLOSER ATTENTION TO THE MUSIC, BUT FOR NOW I'LL GIVE EM AS MUCH APPRECIATION AS I CAN.



THIS HERE IS THE POWER OF PUNK MUSIC. IT SHAKES YOU, IT CHALLENGES YOU, IT HAS YOU COMING BACK FOR MORE, ALWAYS AND FOREVER.

IN THE CAR BACK TO BOSTON, I LOOKED AT THE STARS OVER I-90 AND LET THE WHISPERINGS OF MY BODY SEND GRATITUDE TO ALL THOSE STRINGS IN THE UNIVERSE THAT ALLOWED ME TO BE HERE, NOW, TO WITNESS THIS BEAUTIFUL SCENE AND DRINK EVERY DROP.

PARDON MY DRAMATICS. ONE HELL OF A NIGHT. MY HAND HURTS. THANKS FOR READING!

ME AND FROG FRIEND IN JADE'S CAR. FROG DOESN'T HAVE A NAME YET... WHAT SHOULD I CALL THEM? MESSAGE ME @LECHUGAJAM ON INSTAGRAM AND LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU THINK.

Tiberius

Seen live: 11/8/24

Review Written: 11/10/24-11/12/24

By Hazel Fabrizio

YOU CAN FIND TIBERIUS AND THEIR MUSIC
@TIBERIUSWRIGHT ON INSTAGRAM!

Studio Review:

This band, Tiberius, makes me realize how much comfort can bring bias, and even the opposite, how bias can bring comfort. I have lived in Massachusetts my whole life aside from an almost 2 year stint in Florida as a spit dribbling verbal sound experimenting 2 year old! I have traveled through and or stayed in every state constituted New England and seen the similar scenery. There is a fascination and inspiration visible in all types of media. A fascination with “The New England Vibe” as I’m calling it.

Tiberius are a New England band out of Allston Mass and have lyrics referencing classic stereotypes of North East American culture such as our overabundance of Dunkin Donuts locations. “With my fishes I’m just one in a pond Who would love to live on in this time I’ll see you fucks in the Dunkin Donuts line”

I love this line because I think it demonstrates something the bands aesthetic and lyrics showcase: they are clearly inspired by where they live, but they can translate those references and feelings globally to others who don’t live here. Serious with a pinch of homeland seasoning.

A homeland with certain visual tropes such as the changing fall scenery, colonial and gothic architecture, lakesides

and less than populated beaches, often cold and rocky. Large pine trees, rows of car shops, mass amounts of fog. Many of these traits can be found all over the world, but the specific aspects fused with the emotions of the media they are used in birthed the stereotypes associated with New England vibe.

From Steven King novels to Silent Hill, Night in the Woods to the opening track of [Have a Nice Life's Deathconsciousness album](#); [A quick one before the Eternal Worm Devours Connecticut](#). Twin Peaks and even the Timeless Moby Dick novel, the namesake of the record label [The Flenser](#) which put out the very HANL release I just named. These all borrow from or just out right take place in New England. A place which can be dreary, downtrodden, but at the same time extremely comforting and warm. Ironic for states with such cold winters. Tiberius art and photographs for their releases cover this atmosphere and the feelings associated with them well.

These feelings are able to be felt by anyone, even if they don’t live in New England states, aesthetic aside. It just serves as the backdrop that often sets the mood portrayed by inspired media with characters shaped by aspects of New England life that

still permeate to this day. I used the word timeless to describe Moby Dick for a reason, and I think that will apply to the musical project of Brendan Wright too.

Tiberius has honed in a brutal expression of more tender emotions, with a sound that doesn't overpower the more sensitive parts being conveyed through lyricism. A sound that when loud still lets the vocals shine through. Even from their earliest release I find a strong clarity in the audio for the vocals.

His emotions Brendan conveys through a varied set of soundscapes from beautiful to harsh, avoiding sounding like a rough mishmash of ideas.

I really love the twang of country in the vocals, but with the production closer to modern pop and cleaner styles of emo. A really nice feeling of spacing between the individual audio tracks per song shines bright on Fish in a Pond's mixing. They have punch to them, with immaculate integration that doesn't drown out other parts of the music. The drums feel great, and the guitar is at its best when chugging and driving the rhythm. 2:38 into the track Hypoxia has a wonderful unique vocal delivery. The bass is not anything that stands out to me, but I think that works really well in favor of the band. Soundscape being an important part to describing their songs for me, as it feels like a very coherent listen and immersive. Their first and most recent release has a psychedelic rock aspect to me in the floaty, spacious, tunes! Except sudden switch ups keep you on your toes without jolting so hard it ruins the immersion or mood of a track, which is why I brought up the cohesion to show even with the diversity

of tracks the mixing and execution rocks. There is a lot of rhythmic variety that feels influenced by different genres. The dance flamenco type beat of Ehrlichiosis being a great example of this many-sided band.

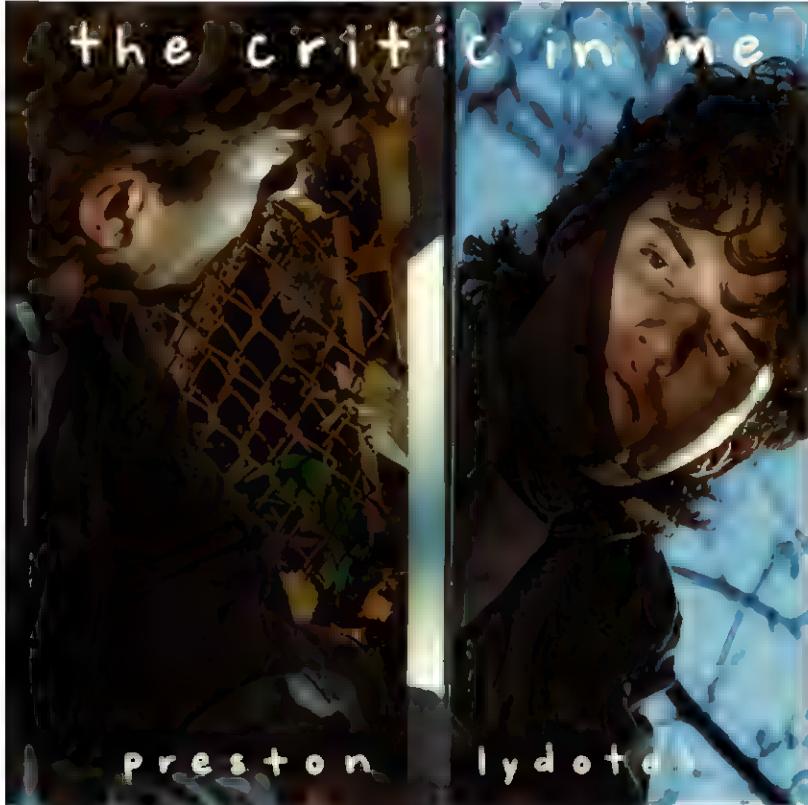
Live Review:

Bringing up dance, I want to pivot to talk about my experience seeing Tiberius live, and actually meeting Brendan himself! Upon finding him and purchasing a tape after the show (which sounded great) he offered me a refund or fix of the tape should anything be wrong personally. The band's ease of contact and myriad ways to listen make them very accessible.

I'm not sure if it was on the spot, a continuing joke, or some inside joke I'm not aware of but Brendan introducing himself as Mr.Peanut was fantastic. Aura and atmosphere taken into consideration, it felt like a show that makes you aware of your emotions, but brings peace to them in the moment at minimum. A must see again band for me, I hope to catch more of their earlier discography live, a longer set would benefit the band for sure, they hold the momentum they build while playing very well.

I will continue listening to Tiberius in my free time for sure and can not wait to see them again. The evolution shown with each release only makes me curious and more excited for the band, I'm hoping for some more experimentation personally. Even without my home state pride, I would love and recommend this band.

NEW MUSIC!



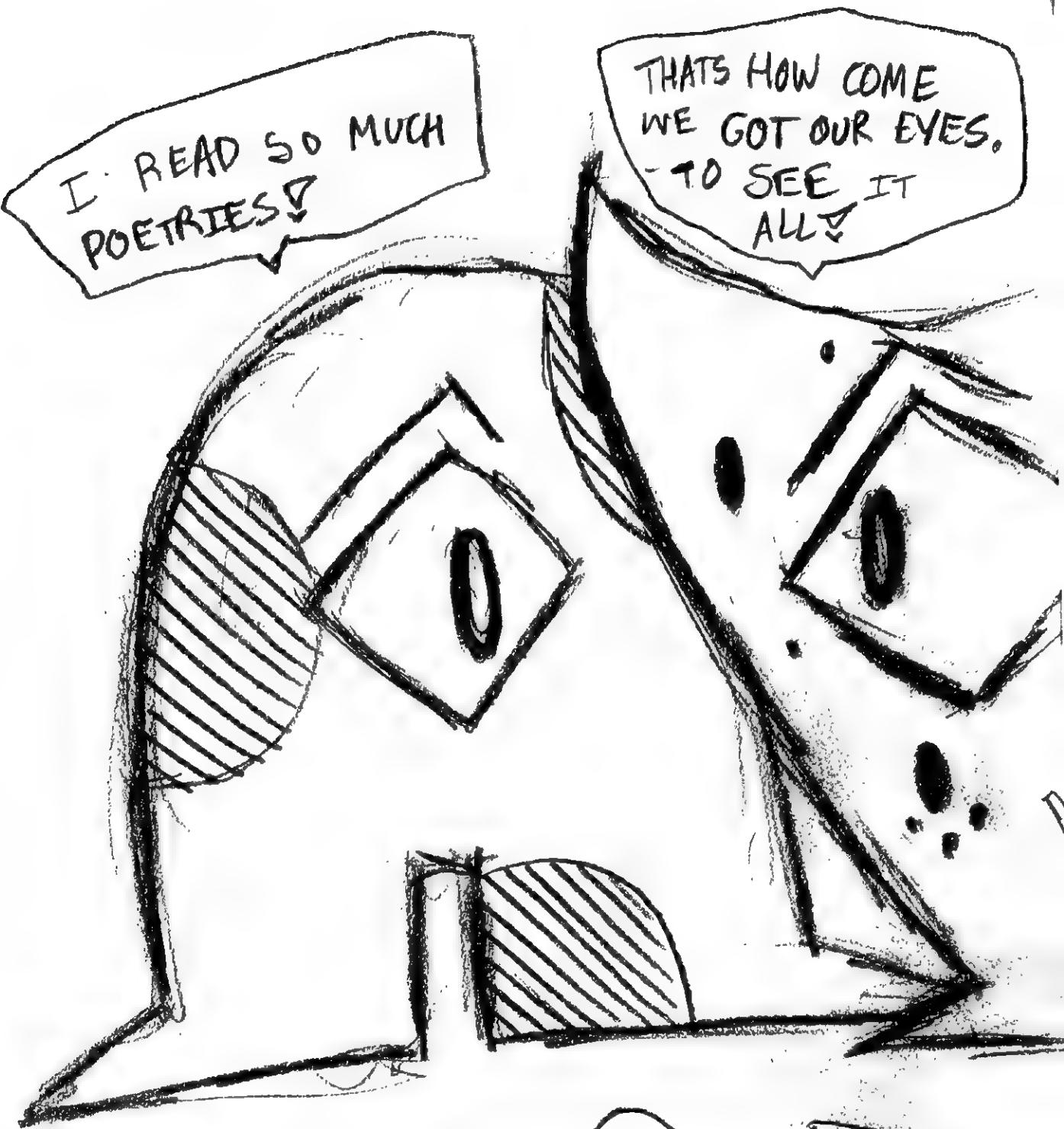
THE CRITIC IN ME BY PRESTON LYDOTES

PRESTON SENT ME HIS NEWEST SONG AND I HAD THE HONOR OF GIVING IT A LISTEN BEFORE IT CAME OUT! GROOVY AS HELL, GETS YOU IN YOUR FEELS TOO. IF YOU'RE LOOKIN FOR A SONG THAT HONORS THE KID WHO STILL WANTS TO DREAM THAT LIVES INSIDE YOU, THIS ONE'S FOR YOU. YOU CAN FIND MORE OF PRESTON'S MUSIC @PRESTONLYDOTES ON ALL PLATFORMS.

HAVE YOU GOT MUSIC COMING OUT IN FEBRUARY? SUBMIT TO THE WANDERER'S FEBRUARY EDITION TO HAVE IT FEATURED!

I READ SO MUCH
POETRIES!

THAT'S HOW COME
WE GOT OUR EYES.
- TO SEE IT
ALL!



ZOO

MinilWebz #1

BY KID THE WEB

3:47 pm

I hate the afternoon...

huh?
...why?

I guess the afternoon just makes
me hyper aware of everything I
didn't get done today... it's a
reminder that the day has already
passed me by... and what do
I have to show for it?

you are SOOOO
dramatic...
let me ask
you this:

HAVE YOU SHOWERED?

...uh...no ✕

HAVE YOU EATEN?

...uhh... ✕

HAVE YOU SLEPT?

...yes...? ok no ✕



you can't circumnavigate
the Earth without a
sturdy ship and a healthy
crew, you know!!



THE END

@Kidtheweb



a guide to writing love poems by isaiah hill

step 1

love nauseously

the bestworst way to be in love is to love like a mother bird spitting food into her baby's beak
to love so much you need to regurgitate, that is, "throw up"
expel it, projectile vomit, be so in love you can't help but YAK all over your surroundings,
leave marks of love on every surface and be disgusted by it

step 2

love dangerously

love like a daredevil that needs to retire

but feels like if he quits now he'll have nothing left

love like you're bungee jumping, falling with only one badly made rope keeping you from smacking against the water below

freefalling, stomach inyourthroatholyshiti'mabouttODIE

step 3

love thoroughly

love so much you can't look in the mirror because all you can see is LOVE

you can't speak because every word is laced with thoughts of them

can't sing because every song is haunted by them

can't eat because you know they taste so much sweeter

step 4

love (w)hol(l)y

love everything and everyone, if you can

place love at the altar of yourself and create a new idol

worship it fully, feel it from the pit in your stomach to the peak of your soul

and pray that you'll forever be made of it

step 5

love completely

love so much you burst at the seams

body bulging and convulsing because no matter how hard you stamp it down you can't help but love

step 6

love happily

because love is truly the only sustainable and abundant resource on this earth

so why not indulge in it

only then can you come close to writing it down

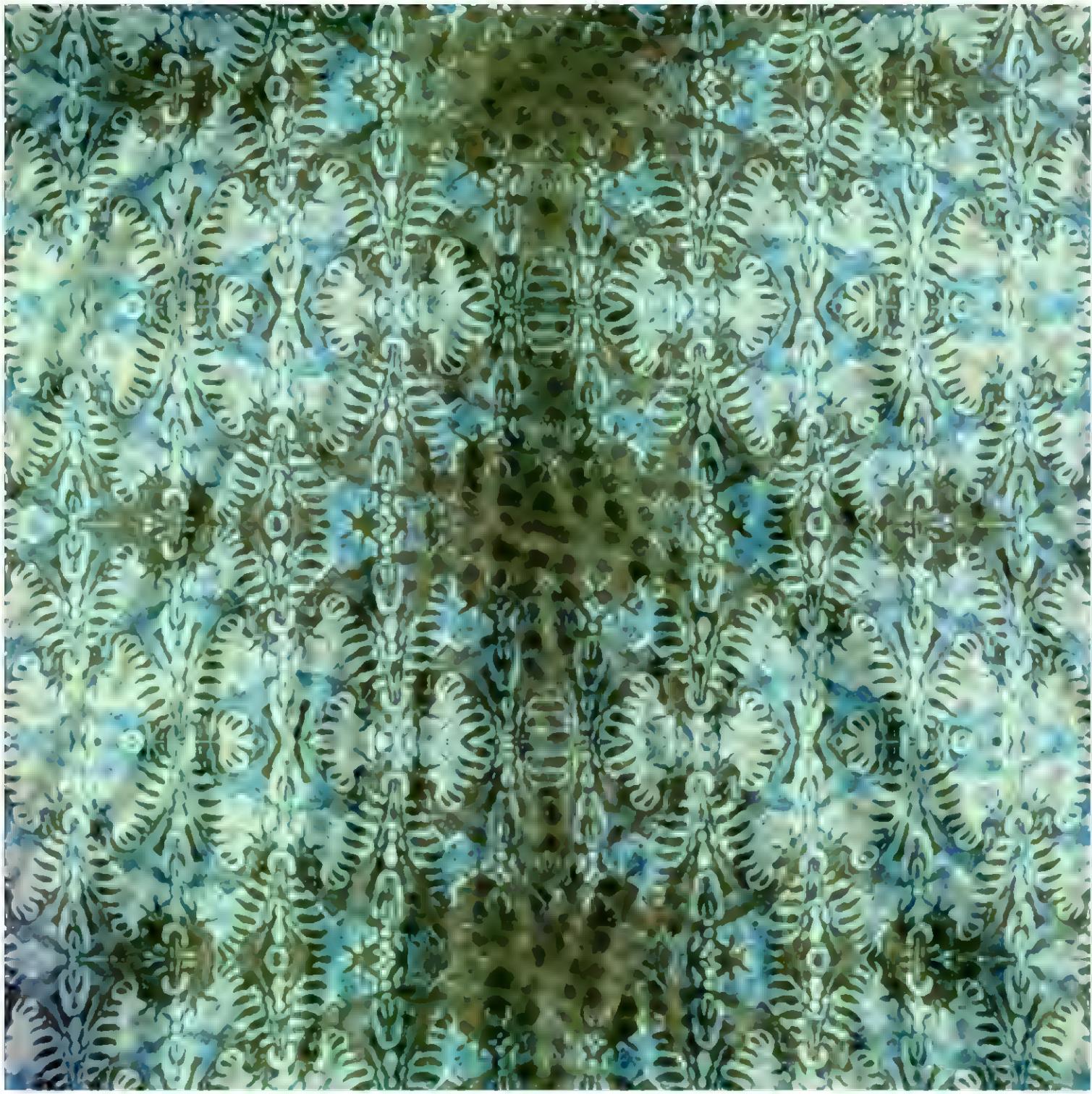
putting pencil to paper

and loving so intensely you realize

that a poem will never come close

to loving

YOU CAN FIND ISAIAH @JSUIS_SPOOKY AND
@CU.PIIDS ON INSTAGRAM!



"THINGY"

E.M.

@EMERSON.MULLANE

TW: ABUSE

Gus Carroll

Quick Change

Let's say it was a Monday. My alarm would screech in its default tone, waking me up around 5:30 to catch the school bus before the sun rose. I never ate breakfast, never woke up with enough time to do anything but get dressed, get policed, and sprint towards the bus stop. Rolled up somewhere close to my body, my chest binder would remain hidden until I got to the men's room near the theater wing. Sometimes it would go in my shoe. Sometimes in the crotch of my pants, all depending on what leeway I had in my outfit that day.

That leeway depended on who guarded the back door that morning. Mom or Dad would be camped out on the couch, like pigs posted up to breathalyze college kids. Usually they'd have one or two initial notes on my outfit, and I wasn't allowed to leave for the bus until they had none. Dad was harder to get past than Mom. They needed the outline of my teenage breasts visible under my shirt; though they would never say this out loud, I can't imagine another reason they would confiscate the hoodies that made me feel so safe. The Texan climate didn't allow for an "it's too cold" excuse, even if it really was too cold for a skin-tight, short-sleeved t-shirt. I've never felt more like livestock, preened and polished before being paraded out in public on a leash. I felt like a woman in the sense that my self was taken completely out of my hands and put into the hands of people with more power than they knew what to do with.

I was typically able to sneak more clothes past them, either in my backpack or already waiting for me at school. My backpack was always a risky vessel for contraband, as Mom or Dad might've searched it before I was allowed to leave. Sometimes they would go through my bags, drawers, and closet without telling me, only for me to find out when I came home from school to a closet bare besides my eighth-grade graduation dress and old Halloween costumes. Sometimes I was able to sneak clothes back from where Mom and Dad stashed them under their bed, but only when I felt particularly brave. The safer option was to enlist my friends as wardrobe extensions, asking them to bring old hoodies, shoes, and pants after a raid had occurred.

The crack of light seeping through the stall door acted like a spotlight on my wrong body. Bare and twisting itself into a too-small chest binder, it ached from endless days of improper compression ushered in by its own wrongness. Dried piss on the floor gave my footsteps a sticky residue I'd carry to first period and beyond, forever marking my path with the remnants of what I did day after day to correct myself. I exited the stall, now flat-chested and with shallow breath, and the regular circle of boys vaping at the far end of the men's room ignored me like they did each day. I returned the courtesy. They were some of the best allies I've ever met—the type who knew we both had something to lose if they were to report a girl in the men's room, because if there's one thing American public schools hate more than their trans students, it's vaping.

I would beeline from that sticky bathroom stall to the circle of friends camped outside the box office, waiting like a fairy ring to welcome me into a world that hurt less. Taeya, Teddy, Hayden, Chase, among others, my closest confidants, although looking back I'm certain they'd grown weary hearing me complain as much as I did. This group was not concrete; people came and went, sat with other cliques before classes began for the morning, but for the first two years of high school, you would find me there each morning, letting the adrenaline ebb as I counted the minutes until I had to head to AP World History.

Jack would sometimes sit with us in the morning, mostly during my sophomore year while we became friends and then boyfriends and then neither. He had dated and then cheated on a friend of mine with another friend of mine, and when both of those situations dissolved, we began dating. I wouldn't metabolize this until it was too late, but Jack was not a good person. Though the ways he has hurt other people are not mine to write about, know that at the time we began dating, he had already abused my (now) very good friend in ways that make me sick. Youth, drama, and my own suffering blinded me. I don't have an excuse for my lack of clarity beyond the reality of my situation, that I was another person Jack wanted to use, and it was in his interest to pit me against someone he already had.

It was under the box office window where I sat that he would touch me. His hands were always on me when we were together, no matter where we were. Holding, caressing, and grabbing any part of me he could as if I would disintegrate when he stopped. Many times I wished I had disintegrated; at lunch, I'd silently thank the AP, who would tell us to separate or get written up. Once, in front of our classmates, he slapped me across the face, unprompted. I still don't know why he did, or why I pretended not to care. On the first day back after spring break, we rendezvoused in the auditorium, at the quick change room off stage right, before first period. It didn't lock, but that didn't stop him from fucking my face until the bell rang. I wiped my mouth with my sleeve and hurried to class, but the taste would linger all morning.

My throat burned for days, but he kept asking, and I kept letting him. His libido ran laps around mine, and the frustration that boiled under his skin due to my presence was palpable. I guess I felt obligated. I interpreted my revulsion as a betrayal, that I was a bad person for not wanting to suck unwashed dick behind an unlocked door that an adult, who probably already hated me, could walk through at any moment. That I had already promised him my attraction and, in falling short, *needed* to offer my body as collateral. A part of me also felt that it was a form of resistance, that I was doing something so salacious it didn't even matter what I wore or who made me wear it. It made me feel like an adult, cosplaying as the enthusiastic sexual partner Jack described being with before me. My hands would still be sticky when I arrived at Mrs. Mim's class each morning, and as my stomach growled, still having not eaten, I would think to myself, *it's a good thing semen is high in protein*.

GUS CARROLL
@ZIGGYSTARGUS



A DAY WITH
HALIFAX



MY BUDDY FROM HIGH SCHOOL ASKED IF I WOULD TAKE SOME PHOTOS OF HIS FURSONA IN THE WOODS. I'M NOT MUCH OF A PHOTOGRAPHER BUT I AGREED IMMEDIATELY. WE RAMBLED AROUND THE MIDDLESEX FELLS ON A FRIGID JANUARY MORNING AND GOT SOME COOL PICS- THE ONES YOU SEE HERE ARE MY FAVORITES. YOU CAN FIND HALIFAX ON BLUESKY, @HALIFAXX57.BSKY.SOCIAL.



Rather, like the master mind maker of this bitch city,
I could set its edifice in ice, drive poles to form a pattern
for wet stone, white skin and industry.

Boston! Your kettle is known
to lack character or class. Refinement, the piss of the gentle
runs thru the big dig tunnels.

To kiss the scrap of sand they call a beach
and settle a castle on its end. Potable water,
black ice, salt which is poison to the footpad,
a ceaseless scratching beneath the collar —
“listen, neighbor, the sky is ashen,
the neighborhood is a mistake, they must have made” —

but it was a gully of impetus
and not of calculation.

Look, the rasping trees they plant at our request,
still, they arrive,
grasping light.

Escape East.
The Cape is a model product.

Sea rise to form a wall. Sun rise to form a lamp.
Blood rise to heat the room. Nothing is alert.
It's as if the day has fled us. Left us / to eat.

Blood, discharge, the city is in heat.
It's the eye of an Englishman on a hook.
It's the tax collector and intramural operation.
The boneless ghoul hags of Harvard.
Glass towers set against the falling sea.

“BOSTON”
MASON GRANOFS

Springfield...



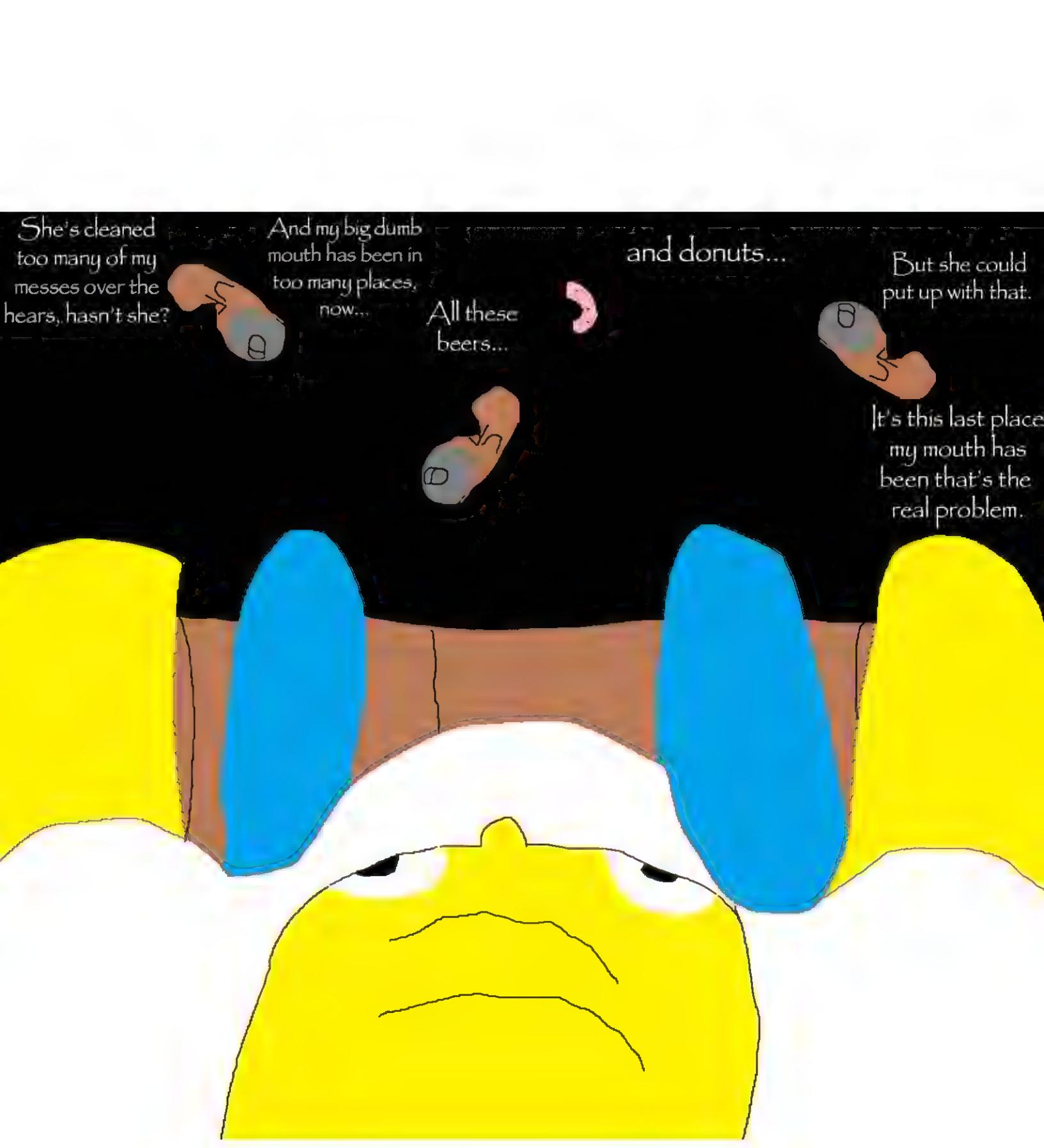
The front door is more
imposing than Mr Burns
after an accident, at the
factory.

Marge will be
home soon. She's
just getting
groceries.

She has no idea
what I've done.

No idea how
everything will
change the
moment I open my
big, dumb mouth.

I don't know if
this is the type
of mess she can
clean up.



She's cleaned
too many of my
messes over the
years, hasn't she?

And my big dumb
mouth has been in
too many places,
now...

All these
beers...

and donuts...

But she could
put up with that.

It's this last place
my mouth has
been that's the
real problem.

Homie! I'm home!
Ready for dinner?

...Are you alright?
You don't look so
good.

She has no idea
what I've done.

But she knows
something's
wrong.

I'm not a good father,
Marge.

Homie, you're an
amazing father!
You provide for
the family! You
love us, and we
love you! That's
nothing to worry
about!

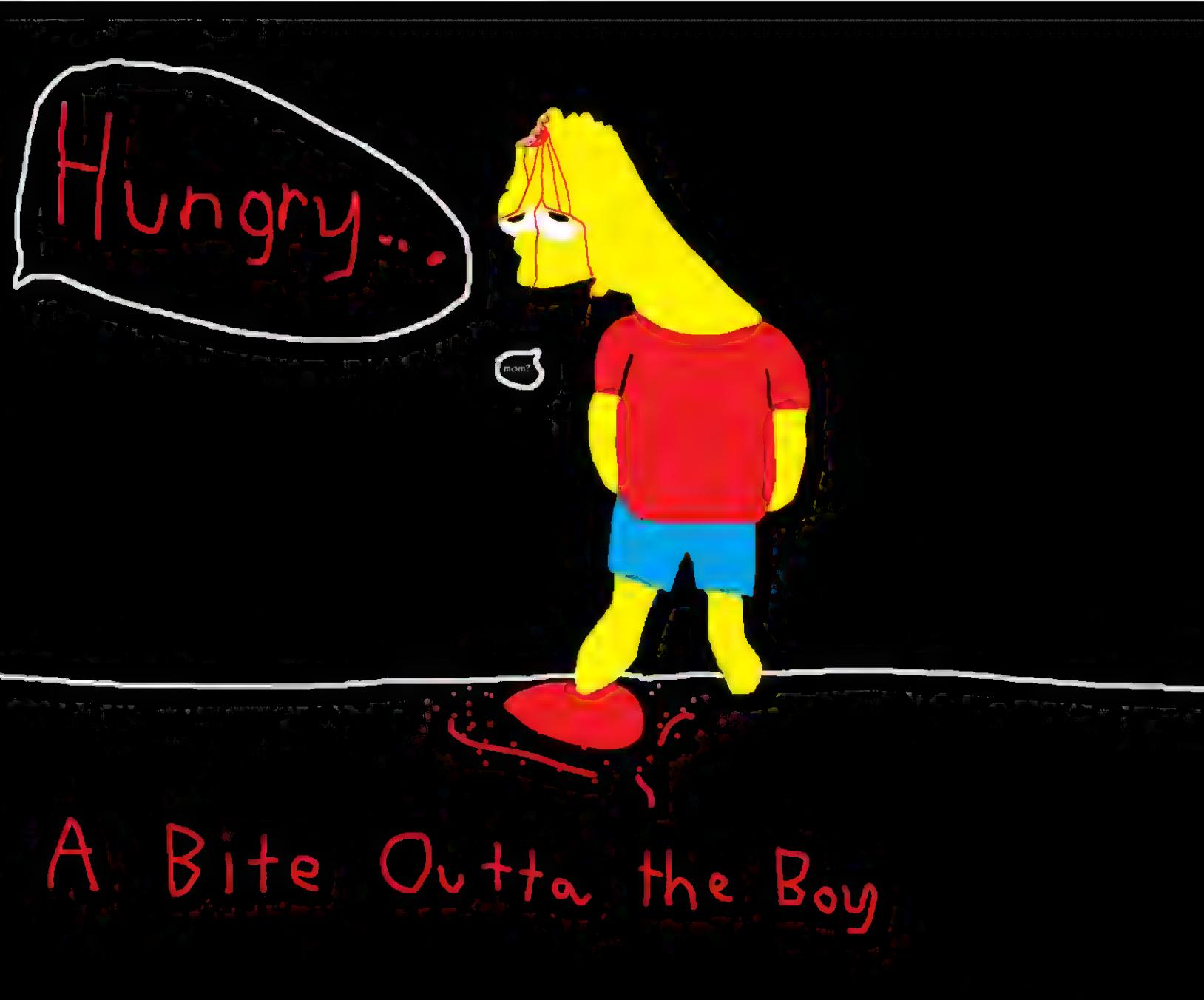
I have to man up
and tell her the
truth.

I have to break my
wife.

Marge...

I hurt the boy.





A Bite Outta the Boy

By Toolfeech

"A BITE OUTTA THE BOY"

TOOLFEECH

@THE_LEECHFOOT

Before I was born, my older brother
River looked so happy
I think my father's late father walked up to the old Angel's pagoda, which gave him the beautiful river
waving to us overwhelmed by the beauty bombed to the ground. Craters are the moon the angels are the daytime.

SOMETIMES IN THE SUMMER OF 2024,
I PICKED UP THIS POETRY BOOK OFF THE
STREETS OF BROOKLINE. IT'S JANUARY
12, 2025, I'M DRUNK AND HAVE WORK
TOMORROW AND I CAN'T FALL ASLEEP SO
I MADE THIS BLACKOUT POEM.

= Swan = Eiserner Steg = Langenscheidtbrücke =

"SCENES FROM THE SCENE"
TONY DEBACCO
@TONYDEBACCO





"RIGHT TO SPACE"

KAI

@CUDDLE.FISH99 ON INSTAGRAM!

ANOTHER DAY

I have been stuck surviving,
Waiting for the ball to stop rolling,
Never knowing if it will,
Trusting in the wind I feel,
But cannot hold or see.

The people around me give their condolences,
I appreciate their kind words,
But could they somehow switch minds,
So they could truly feel me?

No I would not wish that for them,
These struggles are for me I'm learning.
The reason I must crawl through,
Hand and foot,
Is because I was born with immense strength,
Very unique to this world,
That is everlasting and irreplaceable.

Though I want to scream and cry when it all falls down,
I'm embracing that I do have the power I need,
That I know how to manage this,
And I will teach others my lessons and help them gain.

Yes, I am surviving,
But I believe I also am truly the image of thriving.

Kamaris Desroches, 23, They/Them
@kamqd_



you can't replace the sound of birds
Not with a recording Not with music
not with the air conditioner or Netflix

only when you go outside to hear them
do your cravings cease
and you remember who you are —
yourself in flight

-Eran Zelixon

@ERAN_ZELIXON



Still.

i am star dust
shaped in shame
that my mother never named
but i know
every curse i mouth
we rehearse just the same

at fifteen,
we'd near blows
over little things

i'd become
a bomb

like her.

it's best we move on.

when i realized
the weight we shared
was no fault of her own,
i turned twenty
and tried my hand
at forgiveness

here we are,
twenty two
and trying
Still.

Priscilla Boadu

@NNNUWAA



WHAT DO YOU DO TO SHOW YOURSELF KINDNESS?

DO YOU NEED IDEAS FOR SHOWING YOURSELF KINDNESS? I ASKED MY FOLLOWERS ON INSTAGRAM FOR IDEAS. HERE'S WHAT THEY SAID:

 noelia.vialanoire

buy an ice chai and go on a walk 🌸 give my body and mind a minute to breathe

[Reply](#)

 _weback_

TREAT YO SELF

[Reply](#)

 danqueenhogan

pointless drives through the mountains :)

[Reply](#)

 samleighsinghs

give myself breaks (from all sorts of things from schoolwork to socializing)

[Reply](#)

 hipmusic

2. i used to hate affirmations (felt fake) so it's a big step forward for me :)

[Reply](#)

 hipmusic

1. thanking myself out loud for persevering + acknowledging little daily accomplishments!

[Reply](#)

 c.linamai

slow down, accept that the way i feel is okay, and let my thoughts just be thoughts.

[Reply](#)

 pokeshulk

Lock myself in a room with my switch and some sweets

[Reply](#)

 songofending

be around people who show me kindness :)

[Reply](#)

 iiskyline

tell myself that it's going to be okay and not to beat myself up over something i cannot control

[Reply](#)

 cherrycamsoda

Cook myself my favorite meal and watch a movie afterwards

[Reply](#)

 annievillanator

I take a day off of work after a 7 day bender

[Reply](#)

 _emma_hatley_

give myself permission to slow down my pace and enjoy "special" things (fancy soap, fancy tea, etc)

[Reply](#)

 perfect_bloo

Finish tasks ive been putting of

[Reply](#)

 libby.carlo

Reading and listening to things that inspire me :)

[Reply](#)

 veronica.r.bain

Make hot chocolate and wrap myself in a blanket

[Reply](#)



thecrustlord

Cook myself a good meal- veggies and meats and all the goodies!

Reply



preyhound

take a bath with rose petals, chamomile tea, orange peels, epsom salts, and a big phat j

Reply



cordeliafoxmusic

Listen to the heart ❤️ and head ❤️ separately

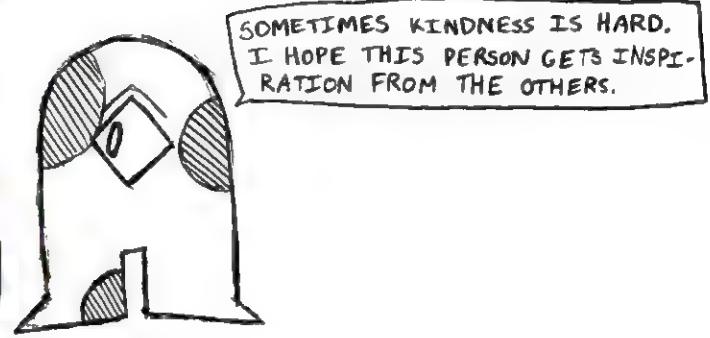
Reply



bagelsasha

I don't fuckin know maaan 🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪

Reply



liz__bounds

Listen to my body and give it what it wants

Reply



kyrus_malek

Put on comfy clothes and put on music

Reply



victoriakoreaa

I talk to myself or say "hey hey" out loud to cut thru aggressive self-berrating thoughts

Reply



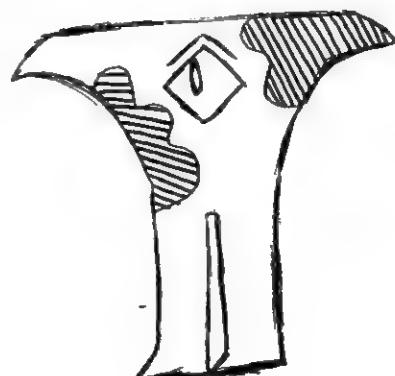
cclarakayy

cry when I want to <3

Reply

I SHOW MYSELF KINDNESS BY DANCING AND HUGGING MY FRIENDS!

THESE ARE COOL IDEAS.
THANK YOU EVERY ONE!



"GRANDMA'S COLLEGE RECIPE FOR BEEF STROGANOFF"

MARCO TEWLOW

@POKESHULK

Beef Stroganoff

Ingredients

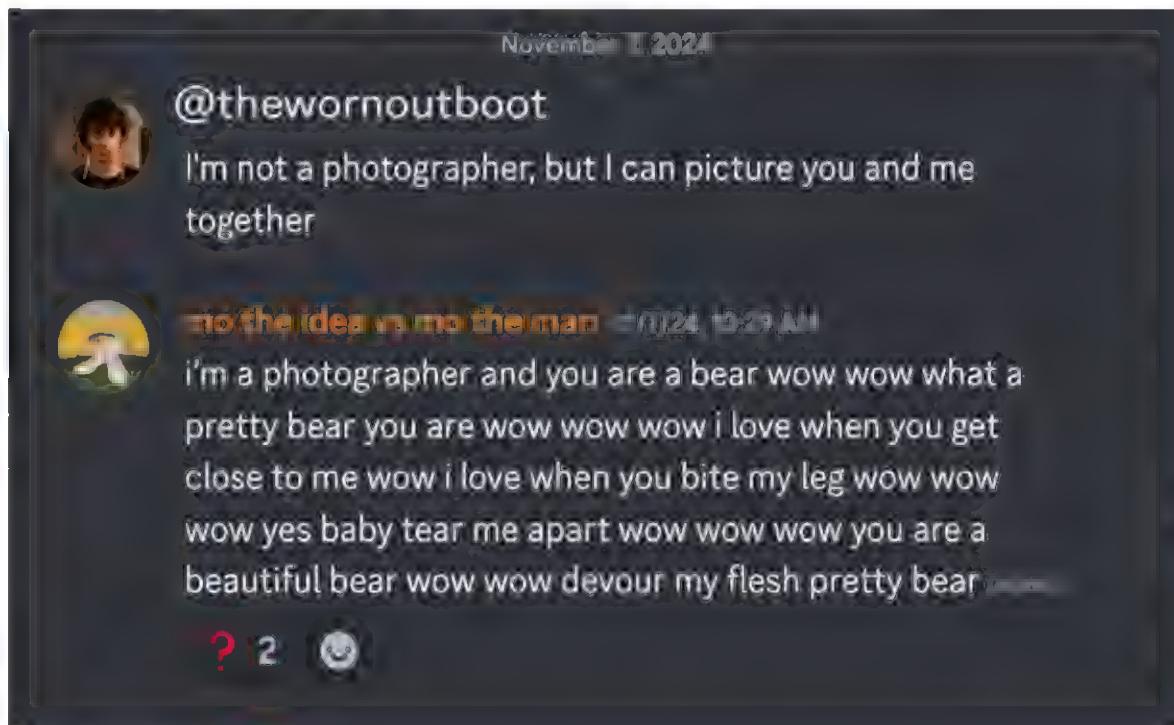
- 1 pound ground beef
- ½ cup yellow onion, diced
- 1 teaspoon garlic, minced (about 1-2 cloves)
- 3 Tablespoons salted butter
- 3 Tablespoons all purpose flour
 - 1 ½ cups beef broth
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- salt and pepper, to taste
- egg noodles, cooked according to package directions, for serving

Instructions

- Bring a pot of water to boil and begin to cook egg noodles according to package directions.
 - In a large skillet over medium high heat, brown ground beef along with the onions and garlic until thoroughly cooked.
- Drain ground beef to remove excess grease from pan. Put pan back on stove over medium heat (don't add the ground beef back in yet.)
- Add butter to the pan and allow it to melt. Then add flour to pan, whisk and let it absorb butter.
- Add beef broth and whisk vigorously to remove any lumps, turning the heat up to high, bringing it to a boil for 2-3 minutes until you see it thicken slightly.
- Bring temperature down to medium and whisk in sour cream and cream of mushroom soup. Stir until mixture is thoroughly incorporated.
- Add salt & pepper. Keep tasting mixture until it is seasoned the way you like. If it gets too thick, just add a tad more beef broth.
- Add ground beef back to mixture until reheated. Serve over egg noodles.

BAD PICKUP GENES

w/ MO AND DIO

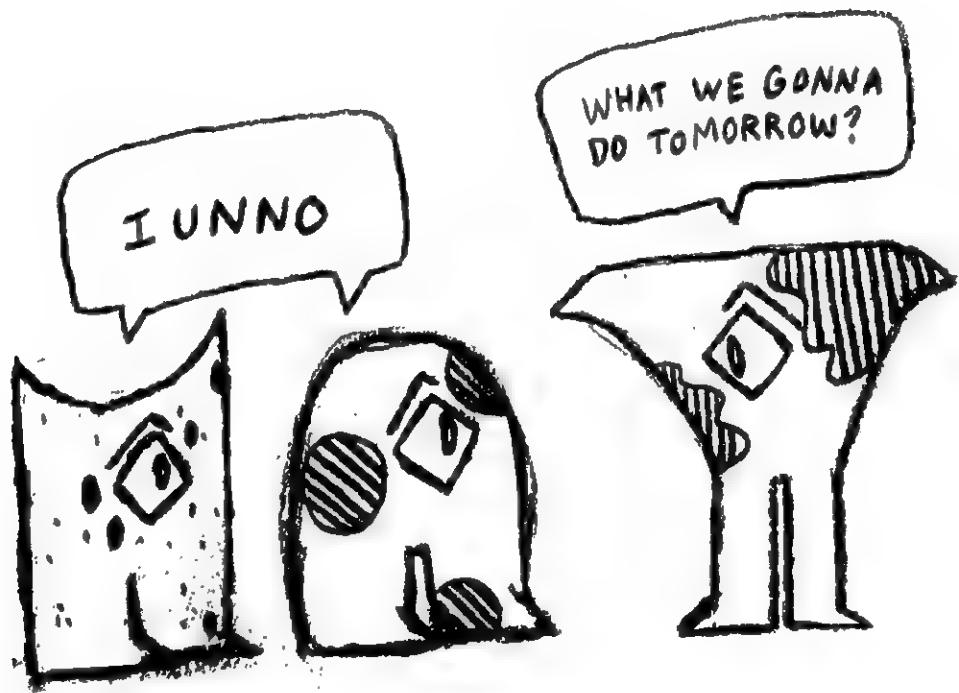


THIS HAS BEEN

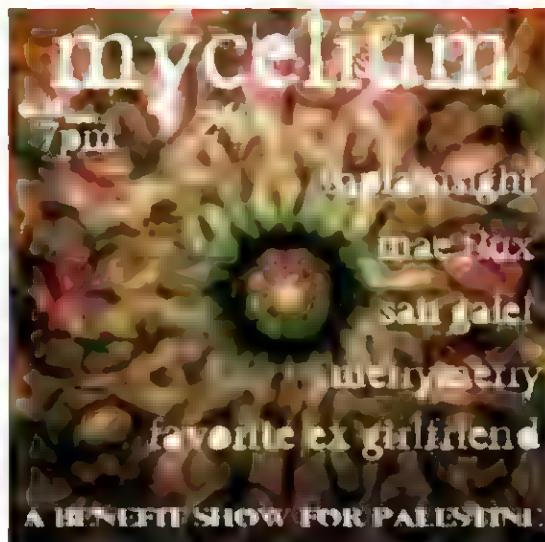
BAD PICKUP GENES

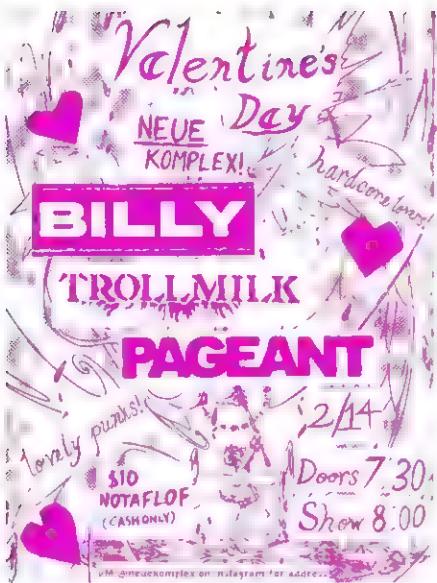
w/ MO AND DIO

LEVEE!

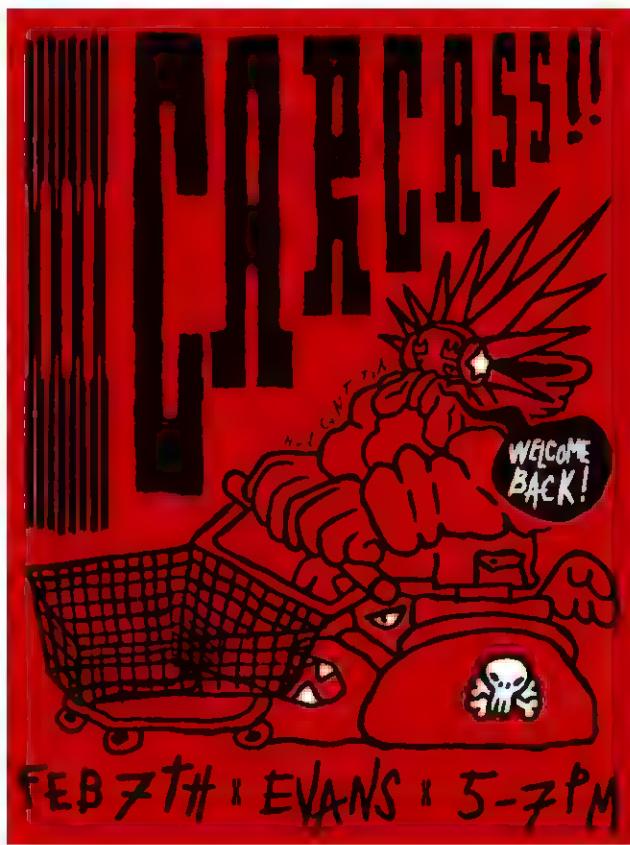


WHOLE BUNCH OF POSTERS FOR SHOWS AND THINGS IN THE BOSTON AREA. THANKS EVERYONE WHO SENT ONE IN!





DON'T READ INTO THE SIZING TOO MUCH. SOME OF THESE GET REAL HARD TO READ IF THEY'RE THE SAME SIZE AS THE ONES ON THE LAST PAGE. WE'RE EQUITABLE OVER HERE AT THE WANDERER.

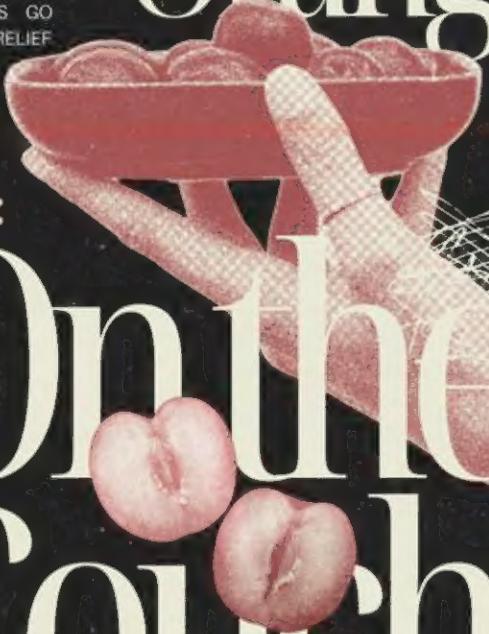


ACOUSTIC
ACTS:
THE SOL
PROJECT
SIMON DAVIS
AND LILO

PROCEEDS GO
TO GAZA RELIEF

Oranges!

* On the Couch



FEB 22ND 7PM
DM:
@FELICITYPAIGE
SAIGON
FOR ADDRESS!
\$10 AT DOOR
\$8 PRE SALE

VENMO:
@FELICITYPAIGESINGS

LABEL PAYMENT:
'ORANGES'

"RAY'S FIRST RECORD WILL BE CHOCK FULL OF ASSERTIVE FRESH-SOUNDING R&B ANTHEMS... DELIVERED WITH SOME APPEALINGLY JAZZY FLAIR." NOAH SCHAFER, WBUR

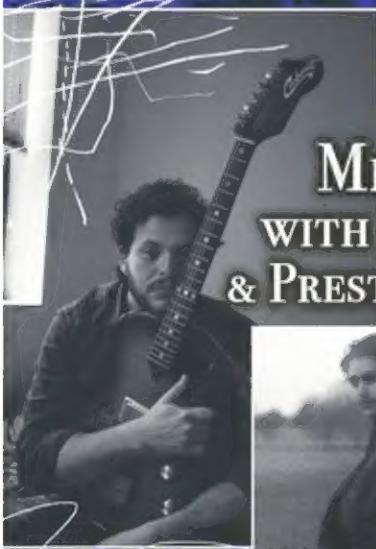


"WHAT CAN'T DEBO RAY SING?"
JON GARELICK, BOSTON GLOBE

Debo Ray

ALBUM RELEASE CONCERT
WITH OPENER ASMI DASGUPTA

DATE: FEBRUARY 22ND - DOORS AT 6PM
PLACE: THE BURREN - DAVIS SQUARE
TICKETS: \$25 IN ADVANCE/\$30 AT THE DOOR
SPECIAL STUDENT PRICE \$20



MEIR LEVINE WITH NICK PRATO & PRESTON LYDOTES

FEBRUARY 6TH
THE ROCKWELL
255 ELM ST, SOMERVILLE, MA
Doors 7pm - Music 8pm \$15 ADV- \$20 DOS



KIDS LIKE YOU AND ME'S
EGG VS. CHAIN PUNK SHOWCASE
SATURDAY FEBRUARY 8
CAMBRIDGE COMMUNITY CENTER

ALL AGES \$10-15
6PM DOORS

NO REFUNDS IF
YOU DON'T FEEL
THESE BANDS ARE
EGG OR CHAIN

NURSE JOY REKLAMA 6.GORDON GRITTY J.C.U. TARGET SCAMMERS FREAK

Chroma Wellness Session

FEB
27
2025

Know Your Rights Workshop

with **Siobhan V. McDonough**, Staff Attorney
LGBTQ+ Unit Northeast Legal Aid

Followed by:

**Hope in the Dark: Emotional Resilience
& Advocacy in Uncertain Political Times**

with Therapists from **Out At Home**

6 PM - 9 PM @ The Old Court Pub

29-31 Central St. (2nd Floor), Lowell, MA



PATHWAY
to better health



**Northeast
Legal Aid**

THE HOME
FOR LITTLE WANDERERS
Out at Home

- Free Event
- Free Food
- Must RSVP



SO THE SITUATION IS THIS: I'M TRANSGENDER AND LATIN AMERICAN. I WEAR THOSE IDENTITIES WITH PRIDE AND NO ONE CAN TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME, BUT I'D BE LYING IF I SAID I WASN'T FEELING DREADFUL AT THE FACT THAT THE GOVERNMENT IS TRYING TO DO JUST THAT. SO I TOLD MY THERAPIST, AND THEY TOLD ME ABOUT THIS EVENT GOIN ON UP IN LOWELL. A "KNOW YOUR RIGHTS" WORKSHOP, WHERE FOLKS WILL WALK YOU THROUGH THE RIGHTS THAT YOU HAVE AND WHAT TO DO IN CASE YOU HAVE TO STAND UP FOR THEM. I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE IT THERE BUT IT ONLY FEELS RIGHT TO SHARE IT WITH Y'ALL SO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT TOO. THE QR CODE HERE WILL TAKE YOU TO THE EVENTBRITE PAGE.

WELL, GUYS... THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME. THIS
WAS NEW, BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, THIS WAS FUN!
WE SHOULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN SOMETIME, YEAH?
I LOVE YOU! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

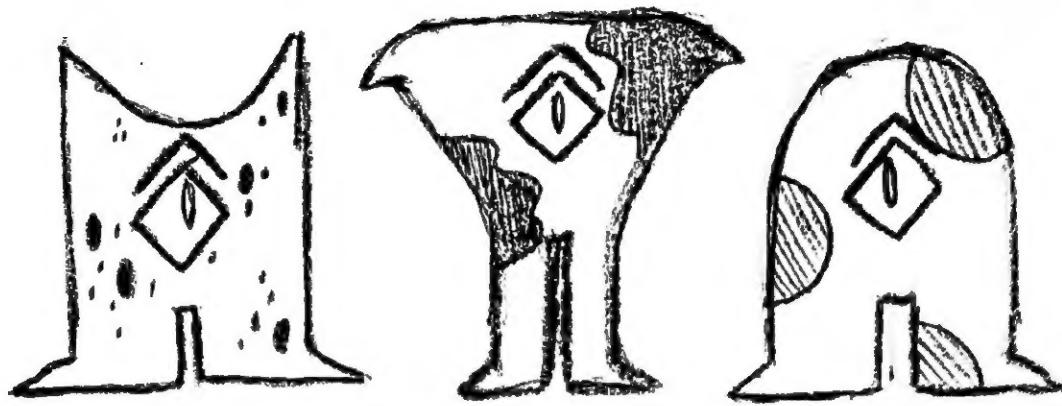
THE WANDERER

BY LECHUGA JAM!

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
MO CORREA

WANT TO SUBMIT SOMETHING? FOLLOW MY
INSTAGRAM @LECHUGAJAM AND BE ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR FEBRUARY SUBMISSIONS TO OPEN!

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, BOSTON, THESE ZINES ARE
GOING TO BE FREE FOR AS LONG AS IS FEASIBLE. BUT
IF YOU FEEL LIKE SENDING A DOLLAR SO I CAN GET
THINGS LIKE STAPLES AND PRINTING MONEY AT THE
LIBRARY SO THAT I CAN KEEP DOING THESE, MY
VENMO AND CASHAPP ARE BOTH LECHUGAJAM.



LEAD, FOLLOW, WANDER
FOLLOW, WANDER, LEAD
WE ARE THE THREE WHO FIT THE CYCLE
THREE LIKE A TRIANGLE, THREE IS MAGIC
LEAD THE WAY YOU WANDERED DOWN
FOLLOW, LEARN TO LEAD THE WAY
WANDER, ONCE YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH
THE CYCLE IS THREE, LIKE WE
WE WHO ARE MAGIC AS ALL THREE
THE THREE WHO LEAD, FOLLOW, WANDER.